

1001  
Pam.  
India



In and About  
Mahoba







“Small souls inquire ‘Belongs this man  
To our own race, or class, or clan?’  
But larger-hearted men embrace  
As brothers all the human race.”

— *The Panchatantra.*

# In and About Mahoba

## A Message

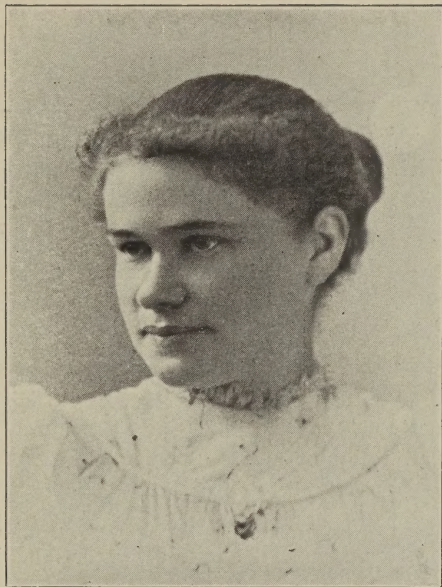
O Father, touch the East and light  
The light that shone when hope was born.

— *Tennyson.*





MARY GRAYBIEL.



ADELAIDE GAIL FROST.

## Bundelkhand.

THAT portion of India known as Bundelkhand (Bōon-dāl-kund), at the period of its greatest expansion, extended from the Jamna River on the north to the Narbadda, and from the Native State of Riwa on the east to the Sindh River.

In this territory are included our three stations, Bina, Damoh and Mahoba.

Early Hindu history has been termed "a tangled web of fact and fiction," its only sources being current traditions, lapidary inscriptions, and the meager and often contradictory material contributed by historians and poets.

Out of the mass of traditionary lore a few facts have been sifted. We learn that the *Chandel* (chundāl) *Dynasty*, consisting of a line of twenty kings, reigned over Bundelkhand from about 800 A. D. till near the close of the thirteenth century, with its capital at Mahoba. There is no complete record of these early rulers, but it is plainly inferable that their reign was one of comparative prosperity and religious zeal. In the many noble artificial lakes which abound, especially in the Hamirpur district in which Mahoba is situated, the Chandel Rājās have left for themselves an imperishable monument. Some of these lakes are not less than five miles in circuit. They are clear, beautiful sheets of water, blessing man and beast and field, and adding an exquisitely picturesque effect to landscape, which, even without them, would be far from uninteresting.





BANYAN TREE, MAHOBA.

CHANDRABRAHM, or Chandra Varma, was the founder of this line of kings. Tradition attributes to him supernatural birth, and relates that the promise was given him that so long as his race retained Brahm or Varma as an affix to their names the kingdom should remain theirs. For nineteen generations this condition was complied with, but the twentieth, Parmâl, who came to the throne when he was but five years old, thought himself equal to the gods, being possessed of the philosopher's stone. He disdained to take the name Brahm and so the kingdom departed. It was revealed to him, however, that while his family was discarded the kingdom should not be entirely overthrown, on condition that he feasted the Brahmins and erected nine pillars covered with obscene sculpture. One of these pillars is still standing at Mahoba.

The war which brought about the fall of the Chandels is the subject of a chapter named Mahoba-Khand in a lengthy poem by Chand Bardai, the earliest Hindu bard of whom we have any certain information.

India is a triangular-shaped country. Its greatest length is about 1,900 miles, as is also its greatest breadth. Its history covers forty centuries.

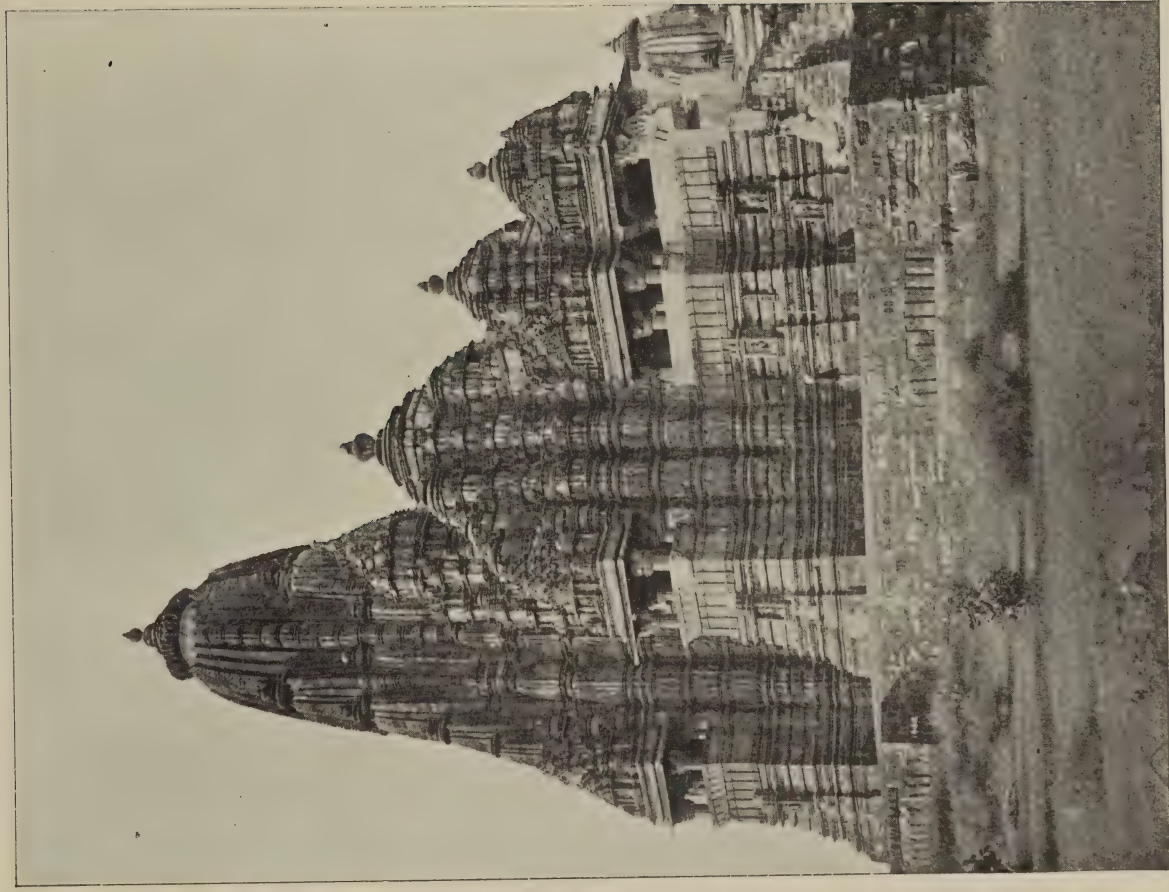


KAKRI MARTH, MADAN SAGAR. MATHURA.



NUMEROUS TEMPLES dating back to the Chandel period exist, some of them in an extraordinary state of preservation, which bespeak not only the religious zeal of their projectors, but a high order of mechanical knowledge and skill.

In the group of which this Temple of Kanderia is one there are twenty temples and the remains of as many more. They are beautifully carved, and in the ornamentation of one of them are found more than eight hundred half-size statues. The circular roofs are formed by long blocks of stone stretching from the capital of one pillar to that of another, and these pillars support the entire immense weight of the roof. As the circles contract, smaller blocks of stone are used until a point is reached and here a square stone is placed. No plaster nor cement is used, but the accurate weight and nicety of adjustment of the stones have given permanence to these temples for a thousand years and they bid fair to stand as much longer unless disturbed by some growing tree inserting its branches between the stones, or some other external cause.



TEMPLE OF KANDERIA.

## Chhatarsâl.

**F**OLLOWING the reign of the Chandelas, the last century of which must have been greatly disturbed, and after an interim of Mohammedan supremacy, Chhatarsâl, the first of the Bundelas, came into possession of this district in 1680, A. D. He died about fifty years later and was buried at Mau in the Chhatarpur State. His reign was one of continuous warring and bloodshed. Of these early times we are told that "The Princes of India were continually engaged in wars with one another. The lust of conquest, the desire of attaining the distinction of universal sovereignty, pride of race, and passion, were the real moving forces in these conflicts, and prevented the union of the Hindus in a confederacy which might possibly to a certain degree have stemmed, if not altogether prevented, the inroads of western nations."

A number of the descendants of this warrior king still reign, under allegiance to the British Government, in several of the petty native states into which the kingdom was eventually divided. One of these, the present Râjâ of Chhatarpur, has shown some interest in our work at Mahoba, and has invited us to visit his territory.





TOMB OF CHHATARSAL.

IN CONTRAST with the massive, substantial structures of a thousand years ago are the temples reared to-day. The art of working the fine granite which abounds in all this region is a lost art. The more manageable materials, brick and mortar, have taken the place of stone. A native workman once exclaimed: "We do not even know with what kind of tools they did it!" There is loss every way, still the effect is not unpleasing to the eye. That was grand; this is pretty. The old was built to last. It defies "the tooth of time." Age adds to its value. The new will soon be old, and if not constantly renovated will before many years fall into decay.

This temple was recently built by the Rājā of Charkhari in honor of the late Rānī (queen), whose adopted son he is. Since her demise she has been assigned a place among the three hundred and thirty-three millions of Hindu deities.

There are many distinct races of people in India, each having its own language, religion and customs. There is no possibility of their blending into one great and united people till Christianity, the great leveler, enters in.



NEW TEMPLE. CHARKHARI.



THE native state of Charkhâri consists of several separate tracts in Hamirpur and some others beyond the limits of this district. The town of Charkhâri, eight miles from Mahoba, is the residence of the Râjâ (king). It is a beautifully picturesque town at the base of a high, rocky hill which is surmounted by a fort, accessible only by steps cut in the rock. These steps are so broad and the ascent so gradual that elephants can easily pass up and down.

Several charming little lakes help to make Charkhâri, in appearance at least, one of the most attractive places imaginable. The royal residence, the guest house, and some of the public buildings are very creditable. In the Industrial School a successful effort has been made to revive some of the older native industries, notably the weaving of fine fabrics, sheerest cotton and thread of gold, and embroidery.

An interesting Mela, or religious fair, is held here every autumn. One of its principal features is "The procession of the gods." All of the idols from all the temples in the state are brought together here and placed side by side in their portable shrines. On a certain night of the mela they are carried in procession with much pomp and ceremony.



H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF CHARKHARI.

**B**ARWA SÂGAR (lake) is in the Jhânsi district which adjoins Hamirpur on the west. A natural depression of land is inclosed at one end by an embankment of masonry for about three quarters of a mile. It has stood for nearly three hundred years and is pronounced a piece of magnificent work. “Below it a tract of land extending over nearly four miles, and averaging about a mile in width, is planted thickly with mango and other trees, some of which are of great age and enormous size.” Many acres of land are irrigated from this lake. The palace (or fort) had partly fallen into decay, but it has been repaired and is now used as a travelers’ bungalow.

It is a charming place to spend a quiet holiday.

The population of India in 1890 was 287,000,000, nearly one-sixth of that of the whole globe. As many people are living in India as in the two Americas.





BARWA SAGAR.

THE SANCHI TOPES afford an interesting study to the antiquarian. They are curious Buddhistic structures, and were evidently built for the preservation of relics. Similar monuments are found in Northern India, Afghanistan, Ceylon and China. Their height varies from a few feet to 300 feet, and even more. In the interior of some of these topes has been found a cell or chamber consisting of six slabs of stone fitted together and built into the solid masonry. Within this cell was placed a box containing the relics "and seven precious things." "In several cells that have been opened the box contained, besides the relics, precious stones of various kinds, golden ornaments, and coins. The box itself consisted of an outer casement of stone, clay, or bronze, which inclosed a silver cylinder, and within this a golden cylinder, which was the real receptacle of the relics." On the four sides of this tope are high gateways of stone most elaborately carved.

The heaven is His unspotted,  
The earth has many a stain,  
And many a wreck of a fancy  
Of man's misguided brain.



SANCHI TOPE (NEAR BINA).



## **Hamirpur District.**

**H**AMIRPUR is one of the southern tier of districts in the Northwest Provinces. Its medium length and breadth are about sixty and fifty-three miles respectively. The population of this district in 1890 was 513,720, exclusive of the native territory within its limits. Of this number 480,215 were Hindus, 33,281 Mohammedans, and of the remainder fifty were Christians. These fifty Christians were the European officials, the railway employees at Mahoba, and their families.

The mass of the people are cultivators. They live in villages, of which there are 764 in the district. There are a hundred and forty-six towns and villages numbering from one thousand to twelve thousand people.

The productions of the district may be generally classified as food-grains, oil seeds and hemp, flax, cotton, sugar-cane and vegetables. There are two crops in the year. The autumn crop is sown in the rainy season and consists largely of sugar-cane, cotton, rice, hemp and grain, requiring a great deal of moisture. When the rains are well over the spring crops are sown. These are wheat, barley and some other grains peculiar to the country.

The diet of the people is very largely vegetable, and consists principally of rice and dāl, a kind of pulse, made hot and pungent by a liberal allowance of red pepper, spices, turmeric and ginger. Unleavened bread is made from coarsely-ground wheat or other commoner grains. Fish abound in all the lakes, and are eaten occasionally by all classes except Brahmins and Baniyas (merchants).

THE people generally are poor and hopelessly in debt. There is no incentive to rise above what their forefathers have been, for the "social scourge" of caste makes this impossible.

The political headquarters of the district is the Town of Hamirpur in the extreme north-east. Here the Deputy Collector and other European officials reside. There is a fine road from Hamirpur to the southern limit of the district and extending on to the military station of Nowgong.

There are several good roads radiating from Mahoba, but a large portion of the district is practically inaccessible by ordinary conveyance during the rainy season, which continues four months of the year.

RATH is the largest town in Hamirpur, numbering in 1890 more than twelve thousand. It is one of the oldest towns, having been *rebuilt* in 1210 A. D. Chundelas, Bundelas and Moslems have all left their marks here. More than a third of the population are Moham-medans, descendants of Hindu converts, and their customs and habits are said to be more than half Hindu.

**M**AHOBA is the next largest town. Population 8,512 in 1890. Historically, and from an antiquarian standpoint, it is one of the most interesting places in all India. It is on the great military road from Saugar to Banda and thence on to Allahabad. The Jhansi-Manakpur section of the Indian Midland Railway (now a branch of the Great Indian Peninsular System) affords easy access to Mahoba, about half way between these points.

Mahoba was originally built by Chandra Varma early in the ninth century, and named in commemoration of a noted sacrifice which he performed in behalf of his mother. Here he died leaving many still existant monuments of his reign. A tank which he constructed is believed to be "the reservoir into which the commingled waters of all sacred places discharge themselves." A mela is held here once a year.

But little can be said in favor of the town as it exists to-day. The principal public buildings are the tahsili, or court-house and treasury, the post-office, dispensary and travelers' bungalow. Besides these, and a few of the houses of the better class, the buildings indicate the poverty of the people. The present site is evidently much less than that of the old Chandel capital. Large blocks of finely-cut granite are frequently met, and bricks measuring 18" x 10" x 3", all relics of the Chandel period.





MAHOBA ROCKS.

## **famine.**

THE Hamirpur district, and probably the whole of Bundelkhand, has long been subject to periodical seasons of scarcity. It was seriously affected by the famine of '96 and '97, by which many villages were left almost without an inhabitant. Thousands perished before help could reach them.

It was in such a time as this that the missionaries of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions entered Mahoba. Of its history and interesting features they knew little or nothing. It was enough that here was a large field entirely unoccupied by missionaries and as much in need of the light of truth as any that could be found. Had we known of the famine that was even then at the door heart and flesh must have faltered. Land was easily acquired, and in a year from the day of landing in Bombay we moved into our finished bungalow. The famine became sore in the land. Men and women fell by the way, leaving their children orphans. Our orphanage, built to accommodate forty, was soon full, and still they came. Our family increased to a hundred and more. In a space of about fifteen months nearly four hundred and fifty of these little ones were passed on to other Christian homes.



A FAMINE GROUP.



## The Mahoba Mission Home.

THE foundation of this bungalow is stone, a variety of granite, gray, red and green, but wrought so roughly that it was advisable to plaster the outer surface. Except the two-story part, which is built with lime mortar, the superstructure is of burnt bricks, laid in a kind of clay which, drying, becomes very hard. The walls are plastered with lime without and within. No wood is used in the building except doors and windows, iron and stone affording a surer foil to the well understood intentions and purposes of white ants, whose depredations have wrecked many a building in India. Besides the two family rooms there are five sleeping rooms, and bath and store rooms. The flat roof on either side is an ideal place for sleeping in the hot season. The feeling of (comparative) immunity from reptiles, and the delicious coolness of the night as compared with the intense heat of the day, combine to make these nights under the tropical sky delightful.

“India suffers from a drought about twice in nine years, a famine once in eleven years, and a great famine about twice in a century.”

NOTE : The tiling of this bungalow is supported by rafters and battons of wood.



THE MAHOBA MISSION BUNGALOW.

## The School Chapel.

N EARLY all of the mission buildings at Mahoba, as also in all our other stations, have been provided for by our "Junior Builders." This is a splendid monument, as it will be a lasting one, to the earnestness and self-sacrifice on the part of these young partners in our work.

The school-chapel has one large room, 60ft. x 20ft., with three class-rooms, and two verandas where classes can be held. The floor is stone, and as the people sit on the floor in true native fashion on all occasions, mats are required. These are made of a coarse kind of grass and are woven in jails.

It is interesting to see our girls at their lessons. They learn readily, though it is quite probable that in the ancestry of many of them there has never been a person who could read or write. Bible instruction is given every day.

The religious services are impressive. The old in faith and worship has passed away, all has become new.

And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof ; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.  
Rev. 5-9.



SCHOOL CHAPEL, MAHOBA.



## Mahoba Orphanage.

THE Orphanage at Mahoba consists of a group of buildings, a part of which are seen in this picture. The houses are substantially built except that the roofs, being of country tiles, are subject to the depredations of the monkeys. We hope sometime to be able to afford heavier tiles and so insure a happy degree of freedom from these mischief-makers. Each building has a veranda on the side facing the court. The ground being uneven, both compounds have been terraced and the upper terrace is graveled. Here in hot weather the girls spread their durries and sleep. They live out of doors most of the time, except during the rains and the coldest weather.

The lower terraces are used for gardening purposes, and very curious gardens they are. Every kind of seed that can be laid hold of is planted, seeds of flowers, vegetables, trees, and a variety of grains. When the time of fruit comes our amateur gardeners wrap rags about ears of corn and pods of peas and beans to protect them from mice and squirrels.

It is a busy, wholesome, happy life these girls are living. To obviate the necessity of employing outside help, and to teach them the art of "mothering," each of the elder girls has charge of a younger one. The family feeling is cultivated, and everything possible is done to compensate for the loss of their own.



MAHOBA ORPHANAGE. (PARTIAL.)

## “Two Women Shall be Grinding at the Mill.”

**G**RINDING the flour for the daily bread of the household is one of the Indian woman's duties. It is considered too menial service for a man.

These little women are at the mill in the Orphanage court at Mahoba. Pûni, Prembai and Naballia are the principal figures. The children crowding out in the sunshine on the edge of the veranda to watch the taking of the picture little thought they were to become immortalized in the photograph. Naballia with her *sûp* in hand is separating the coarse bran from the flour and in the operation she is assisted by the wind. Pûni has her hand on the basket ready to place a handful of wheat in an opening at the top of the mill. As the mill is turned this grain passes down and is ground between the upper and the nether millstone, the flour passing out on all sides. Busy girls are these little millers, for they must take their turn grinding the flour for a large family of sisters, and if perchance they should hear of some one hungry outside it is nice to have a few extra rotis to give away. The grinding is usually done in the early morning. Often before daybreak may be heard the sound of the mill accompanied with singing. The weird minor notes float out bearing on their strains words of a “new song,” of a new joy.



GIRLS GRINDING.



## An Outdoor Kitchen.

THE flour ground out so patiently must be made into bread for 175 hungry mouths. The heaps of thin cakes on the large brass platter are made from flour, a little salt, and water only. They are called rotis, or chupatties. On a smooth stone with a belan, or rolling-pin, the dough is rolled out very thin and handed to the sister who is cooking at the tiny fireplace. She dextrously places it on the hot pan, turning it when necessary to keep it from burning. At another fireplace, or chulha, Phoebe stirs the vegetables or attends to the rice she is cooking for dinner. Every grain when cooked must be separate from every other grain, and not pasty, or Phoebe's reputation as a cook will be hopelessly ruined. The curry-stuffs are pounded and ground on a stone slab with a stone roller. This is used as seasoning.

The usual daily rations, which must be weighed out every morning, are as follows : wheat, ninety-three pounds ; rice, thirty-two pounds ; dall, eighteen pounds ; vegetables, sixty pounds. Meat is used only two or three times a week.

A portion of each day's allowance of food is put aside, and on the first Sunday of the month it is brought into the church as the girls' offering to the Lord.



AN OUTDOOR KITCHEN.

ONE of the duties which usually fall to women in Hindustan is filling the water jars for domestic use. These large jars, by which the girls are standing, are used for the storing of water. The jar is set in the ground deep enough to make it stationary. The women and girls carry water in smaller jars on their heads and pour it into these reservoirs. Then another set of girls water the plants and garden from this supply. From similar jars in the orphanage compounds the water is used for bathing and cooking.

In the background is a fine golden mohur tree, whose foliage, like plumey fern fronds and blossoms, crimson splashed with gold, make it indeed "a thing of beauty."

Before the school chapel was built the church services in pleasant weather were held in the court shaded by this tree.

The girls in the picture are, beginning at reader's left, Bhuri, Chaturiya, Manbhai and Pheobe. They are four of our largest girls, and all rescued from famine.

"The burden and blight of heathenism ever falls most heavily upon women." "The greatest sufferers in India are widows, of whom there are 21,000,000 — more than the entire female population of the United States above three years of age."



GIRLS AND WATER JARS.



## A Day in the Orphanage.

“DESCRIBE the everyday life at Mahoba” is a request frequently made. There, as elsewhere, there are days and days. Let us take one of the long, hot days in April or May. Every one is astir early, for morning is the best time to work. The girls who grind will be at their mills by four o'clock and perhaps an hour earlier. In the Orphanage compounds a busy scene is presented. On rising, each of the larger girls must bathe and comb and arrange her pallet, and do the same for the little one who has been assigned to her to care for. A number are detailed to sweep and tidy up, others to prepare the grain and vegetables for dinner, and still others to distribute the chapatties baked last night. At six o'clock all are ready, for Mrs. Benjamin is a fine director-general and insists on promptness, and at the stroke of the bell—a piece of railway iron suspended from staked bamboos—they file off to school. At ten they return and cook the food which has previously been made ready. After breakfast all the larger girls assemble for prayers. A lesson from the word of God is read and explained, followed by questioning on previous lessons. Hymns are sung and prayer is offered, either by the leader or one of the Christian girls. Then comes a rest-time during the midday.



The afternoon may be spent in sewing or some other light work at this time of year.

Later, the evening meal is prepared and eaten; after which, between four and five hundred rotis must be made for the early morning meal. The girls work with a will, for it has been noised abroad that all, even the "light infantry," are to go out "to eat the air." Their white chuddars, which have been folded away since Sunday, are brought out and put on. It is like the fluttering of innumerable white wings to see the girls robing themselves in these outer wraps. Soon all are ready and waiting for the signal to start. It is a pretty, even an impressive, sight, these girls in spotless white, bright, intelligent, some of them graceful and pretty, all of them awakening into a broader, nobler life than elsewhere would have been possible for them. Singing they go and singing they return, laden, perhaps, with branches of blossoming trees found by the way. They gather in little groups for evening prayer and praise, and then the day is ended. Many little details do not appear in the telling. There have been cases of discipline, perhaps, or incidents which show how the new and better life is developing.

The sense of a unseen Presence pervades the place, night settles down and soon sleep enwraps the Mahoba Orphanage.



## Pâli.

THIS little one was found feeding on a green jungly fruit with the pigs when about two years old. Starved, defrauded of every one of childhood's inalienable rights except that of mere existence, she found her way to "God's house," as they have named the mission house at Mahoba. To-day there is no trace of all the want and misery of those famine days. God's sunshine is about her; love's ministries have restored her rightful heritage, a happy, joyous childhood. Jesus said: "Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

The youngest lamb is wandering wide,  
Unknowing the Shepherd's fond love;  
But even now there walks by her side  
His angel, sent down from above.

Her angel, beholding the Father's face,  
On errand of mercy come down,  
Gently the little one guides to the place  
Which He has prepared for His own.



^  
PALL.



THERE is as much of fun and mischief and what may be called genuine human nature done up in each of these five little "brownies" as can be found in almost any child alive. They might, indeed, be excused for being a bit forlorn, considering the depths from whence they have come up to their present estate ; but they wisely choose, rather, to take life cheerfully.

Raji (Rujjee), at reader's right, is a dear, good-natured child on nearly all occasions. Mâlan, at the other end of the line, may be less happy at times, but she is beginning to excel in mischievousness. Her mother brought her to the Bina mission house in January, 1895, when she was the merest mite. She asked nothing for herself, only that her child might be saved from starvation. Stranger arms received the little one ; still the mother lingered. " May I take my baby just once more ! " was her impassioned request. She was quite undemonstrative ; but it was evidently a moment of self-renunciation, for the sake of one beloved, the giving up of all that child was or might become to her, on the part of that poor Hindu mother. " He fashioneth their hearts alike."

Roshin is the middle one of the group. Her name means " *light*." May she indeed be a reflector of the *True Light*.



THE "BROWNIES."

## The Bathing Ghat.

**A**MONG the sights of Benâres (ancient Kâshi) are the long rows of steps leading down into the sacred Ganges. They are called bathing ghâts, and devotees have built them as acts of merit, that they may assist pilgrims and facilitate their bathing in the “holy water.”

In Mahoba, along Kirat Sâgar, near the mission bungalow, and below the Râjâ's summer house, such ghâts were built by the old Chandel kings centuries ago. They are formed of massive blocks of stone, and are very strong, though rather rudely constructed. One can fancy them in the long ago, perhaps carpeted for royal soles, when ladies of the court came down to bathe, and even kings' daughters performed their ablutions in true Oriental style.

These ghâts are still most useful, and make Kirat Lake an excellent bath-tub for two hundred women and girls, wards of the Mahoba mission. Here the helpless younger ones have suffered many a vigorous scrubbing. The older sisters are relentless in their ministrations. Some of the girls can swim like ducks, and enjoy the exercise greatly.

Near the bathing place may be seen acres of lotus, the flower of which is sacred to the Hindus and wherever Buddha is revered. The great pink blossoms rest upon the dark, rich leaves, and sometimes the whole air is surcharged with the fragrance.



GIRLS BATHING.



THE old-time rājās have left two Baithaks (literally sitting-places) on the bank of Kirat Sâgar which are exceedingly picturesque. There the old chiefs would sit and enjoy the view of the lotus-strewn lake, over which at evening the afterglow spread its opaline sheen, and the low-lying hills beyond. This ruin belongs probably to the latter part of the twelfth century. Kirat Sâgar was excavated by order of Kirat Varma, whose name it bears.

No king comes here for resting  
In the cool of departing day,  
Only a dusky child passing  
Along the dusty highway.

The kings have gone from their palace,  
They watch no more from their place,  
The glow mounts up at sunset  
And falls on the water's face.

But we hear in the darkening distance  
The song little children sing,  
Full of a glad thanksgiving,  
And praises to Heaven's own King.



THE OLD SUMMER HOUSE.

## The Sâwan Mela.

A PRETTY festival is held every year on the bank of Kirat Lake. Some days before the mela women sow wheat or barley in earthen vessels or baskets and keep in a dark place till the grain is sprouted. Thousands of people in holiday attire come together from the town and villages many miles around. The time is spent in social enjoyment and in amusements and games more or less objectionable. Towards the close of the afternoon the women come from their homes, each bearing on her head a vessel of the fresh, tender plants. The crowd separates, and the procession of women passes down to the lake, where they break the vessels and distribute the plants among their friends (expecting a present in return), then throw the remainder into the lake as an offering to the god of the harvest. This is called the Sâwan Mela, as it occurs the last day of the month Sâwan.

The old summer-house, overlooking the entire scene, is a fine place for observation, and from which to send forth God's message of peace and good will. Here we gather, missionaries, helpers, girls from the orphanage, and other Christians. Hymns are sung, Scripture portions and tracts are sold, leaflets are freely distributed, and the living word is spoken. Multitudes hear, and, hearing, assent to the message. What will they do with it? Who can tell?

## Some Old Sanscript Proverbs.

“HOSPITALITY is commanded to be exercised even toward an enemy when he cometh to thine home. The tree doth not withhold its shade even from the woodcutter.”

“A wise man moveth with one foot and standeth fast with the other. A man should not quit one place till he hath fixed upon another.”

“He whose mind is at ease is possessed of all riches. Is it not the same to one whose foot is encased in a shoe as if the whole earth’s surface were covered with leather?”

“He whose days are passed away without giving or enjoying, puffing like a blacksmith’s bellows, liveth but by breathing.”

“The destined age of every one defendeth the vitals of one plunged into water, fallen from a precipice, or bitten by a serpent.”

“Honey dwelleth on a woman’s speech, but in her heart is nothing but poison.”

“That may be effected by stratagem which could not be effected by strength.”

“By the touchstone of misfortune a man discovers the quality of wife, relations, and servant; and of his own strength and judgment.”

## Suttee.

IN EARLY Vedic times cremation, which is so generally practiced by the Hindus to-day, was unknown, as is evident from the absence of any allusion to it in the earliest Hindu writings. After certain ceremonies, which even to us seem not inappropriate, the body was laid away while this hymn was repeated :

“ Open thy arms, O earth, receive the dead  
With gentle pressure, and with loving welcome ;  
Enshroud him tenderly, e'en as a mother  
Folds her soft vestments round the child she loves.  
Soul of the dead, depart ; take up the path,  
The ancient path by which our ancestors have gone before thee.”

—*From the Rig Veda.*

Later, the burning of the dead on funeral pyres was introduced and suttee, the burning alive of widows. This was considered a sign of the highest virtue in a wife. Suttee must have been commonly practiced in the region about Mahoba. Many suttee piles are found. One, called the *Chaudah Râni Ke Sati*, marks the spot where fourteen princesses were immolated on hearing that their husbands had been killed in battle. This inhuman practice was abolished by legal enactment in 1829, though the act was strongly denounced by some Hindus as interference with religious liberty.





SUTTEE PILE.

“REST ON PILES WHERE WIDOWS DIED.”

## Our Sunset Song.

“AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA.”

Now o'er the waters  
Burns the crimson afterglow,  
From a hundred temples  
Fades the day so slow,  
Where the palm tree rises  
Telling of a foreign strand,  
Turn our hearts in sorrow  
For this stranger land.

CHORUS — India, sad India,  
Let the dead years speak no more ;  
India, sad India,  
Open now thy door.

Well may the sunset  
Leave the color mark of pain  
On sky and waters  
In its crimson stain.  
And where firey sunbeams  
Rest on piles where widows died,  
See we then the anguish  
Centuries cannot hide.

CHORUS —

Oh, how we're longing  
That you know the Prince of Peace !  
When he shall enter,  
Thou shalt find release.  
When the whole world's Saviour  
Lay beneath the Eastern star,  
Saw you not your Day-spring  
Rising from afar?

CHORUS — India, O India,  
Lift your eyes from ruins old ;  
India, O India,  
Now thy Light behold.

Far towards the sunset  
Lies a land to pilgrims dear,  
But alone in dreaming  
Do its shores appear.  
Ah ! the heart grows braver  
Looking toward that Homeland shore,  
And the time is coming  
When the sea's no more.

CHORUS — India, our India,  
We would still with thee go on ;  
India, our India,  
Onward toward thy dawn.



SUTTEE PILES IN FRONT OF BUNGALOW, MAHOBA.

## In the Garden.

ONLY three of this group are "India's own," the others are in self-imposed exile. Six are missionaries of the C. W. B. M., one is General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in India.

"Is our country so much better than yours that you have come to live in India?" was once ingenuously asked by a Hindu. "You cannot love your own people as we do or you would not have left them," was remarked by another. The work missionaries are trying to do is not always understood or appreciated even by all who call themselves Christians. It is enough that the servant be as his master. There is in the life of a missionary much of the richest compensation.

This picture was taken in the vegetable garden. This garden is circular and enclosed by wire netting, with a large cluster of cannas in the center. Everything that grows at all in the rains grows luxuriantly, but after the monsoon season is past much watering is necessary. From October to March is the season for vegetables on the plains. Our garden supplies us with English vegetables, such as cabbage and cauliflower, peas and beans, onions, and radishes and lettuce, always provided the mâli (gardener) is faithful, and the squirrels and cattle and monkeys are kind.



IN THE GARDEN.



## Language.

THE diversity presented in the population of India may be best understood from the fact that no less than ninety-eight distinct languages are spoken. Again, there are uncounted local variations, or dialects. *Hindi* is the vernacular of about seventy millions. Although its literature is very inconsiderable, it includes the original Ramāyan, the most celebrated Hindu epic, and some other notable poems. It is an interesting fact that “almost every great writer in Hindustan flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, contemporary with Shakespeare and other noted writers in England.”

Hindi is a phonetic language and of simple construction ; but, like all Oriental languages, it is highly idiomatic. Herein lies the chief difficulty in acquiring it properly.

Usually the first duty of the newly arrived missionary is to gain a practical knowledge of the language in which his work is to be. This is by no means the least difficult work he will have to do during his missionary career. Often the pundit will give out just as much in the way of information or instruction as the pupil exacts by hard labor, and no more. It is only just to add that teachers have been found who were competent, painstaking and thorough, and who made the study a real pleasure to the learner.



MISSIONARY AND PUNDIT.

## Æ Zenana.

THIS picture was obtained with some difficulty and after gaining the permission of the man of the house. It represents the two wives and three daughters of a Mohammedan official. The women are sitting upon a cot, an article generally offered to visitors instead of a chair. They are dressed in Mohammedan, not Hindu, costume. The two wives sit at either end of the cot, the three daughters of the elder wife are about her. Such women are seldom allowed to go out, and when they do they are closely veiled. "The true Zenana woman must be carried to the grave veiled," is a saying among them, indicating her absolute seclusion from the world. It is little wonder that their lives are filled with the merest trifles and that their special delight is in their ornaments and bright-tinted garments. Being of the well-to-do class, these women have plenty to eat and to wear, but otherwise such narrow, aimless, starved lives !

At the feet of the eldest daughter, who is married, is a *pān* box, where spices of various sorts and the betel leaves of which they are so fond are kept. When a visitor comes in they insist on offering her this treat. Taken with a touch of lime and catechu it turns the lips and tongue a bright red, and reminds the uninitiated of green persimmons.

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MOHAMMEDAN FAMILY.

FOR the accommodation of officials on tour particularly, and for the benefit of the traveling public secondarily, bungalows have been built at convenient distances along the principal highways in India. They are usually provided with all necessary heavy furniture, such as chairs, tables and bedsteads, but the occupant is supposed to furnish his own bedding. There is nearly always a man in charge who will provide food, if required. This bungalow is at Kulpahar, about fourteen miles west of Mahoba. It is a neat and quiet resting place after a journey, memorable to one chiefly by reason of an experience in famine times. The people about were sadly in need of clothing, and the means for providing this necessity had come to hand. All of the indigent in a large circle of villages were listed and brought up in squads to the veranda of this bungalow, where each man, woman and child received a cloth, to the number of seventeen hundred. Miss Hattie L. Judson, who gave up her life that others might live, was one of the distributors that day.

From the Unreal lead me to the Real,  
From Darkness lead me to the Light,  
From Death lead me to Immortality.

— *A prayer of the Upanashads.*





A TRAVELER'S BUNGALOW.

**M**OHAMMEDANS are a very devout people and strongly attached to the faith of Islam. They are a stronger people and more vigorous in intellect and action than are the Hindus. They congregate in their mosques and musjids, or at the uncovered prayer-places, as seen in the illustration, every Friday, and also on certain feast days. Many of their religious ideas and customs correspond to those of the ancient Jews.

The praying-places always face the east, whence they expect their prophet to appear.

The King of England reigns over more Mohammedans than the Shâh of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey together.

The custom of secluding women was unknown in Hindustan before the Mohammedan invasion.

In point of morality, India has suffered rather than benefited by the introduction of Mohammedanism.



A WAYSIDE PLACE OF PRAYER.

## The "Buffalo Well."

THIS well was constructed with money sent from The Richmond Avenue (Buffalo) Church of Christ for famine relief. We were threatened with the double horror of a water famine in addition to the prevailing dearth, and to obviate such a calamity this well was dug. It is perhaps thirty-five feet deep and eight feet in diameter, and has several feet of water in the dryest part of the year. The curb stands three feet above the ground. Just back is the circular vegetable garden, on the edge of which are planted papita and banana trees. The water is drawn by means of a rope and pulley, and is poured into earthen jars, which the women carry on their heads after the manner of the country. Such a well is a priceless boon in a land so subject to drought as is India. The more freely its blessings flow forth the purer is the constantly renewed supply.

The Empire of India is composed of twelve provinces directly under British rule, and about 150 native states, whose rulers have more or less freedom in the government of their domain as they have proven themselves more or less able and reliable. All are under allegiance to the English Government.



THE BUFFALO WELL.



## Pilgrimages.

THERE are many places in India regarded as especially sacred, and to visit these brings merit to the one who is willing to endure the discomfort and even danger involved in making the pilgrimage. From certain of these "sacred" places a large number of men, called Pundas, are sent out to collect pilgrims. They induce people to visit the shrines by making all sorts of enticing representations, and once in their power the helpless pilgrims are plundered mercilessly. This is a story that has been too often repeated. The ground about Puri, where is the celebrated image of Jaganâth, is said to be covered with gold, but on account of the wickedness of this age, known as Kâli-yug, it appears to be only dust. It is said that every devout Hindu looks forward to at least one pilgrimage to Benares to wash away his sins in the sacred "Mother Ganges."

Among the companies of pilgrims are often found many women. They are usually accompanied by husband or father, or some other natural or appointed guardian.

Disease and death claim many victims among these misguided devotees every year, and to those who survive, except they be lost in superstitious credulity, little but disappointment remains for all the suffering they have endured.



A PILGRIM.

## A Morning in Village Work.

THIS is our third day at Kulpahâr. We started out together early, A. taking her place at the well near the bungalow, where, first and last, she had the opportunity of speaking to about fifty women, while I went in search of the woman who invited me to her house yesterday. For some reason she showed no desire to hear this morning and kept right on with her household duties. Her husband's presence may furnish the explanation. There were others, including several men, who listened for ten or fifteen minutes, as I spoke of the necessity of being cleansed from sin which separates the soul from God.

Passing from here a very respectable looking Mohammedan asked me to stop and speak to the people about our religion, of which they had heard something from Bro. Benjamin and Râm Dayâl in the bazâr. A chair was brought for me and placed on the chabutar near the boys' school. Again the message was sin and its only remedy. The man who had called me said the words spoken were entirely true, and asked me to tell them more about the teachings of Christ, which I was glad to do.

The sun was high and hot by this time and I was hastening to get under shelter, when an old man came out of his house with the gospel of Luke in his hand. He, or some other member of his family perhaps, had bought the book in the bazâr last evening and he wished to have the meaning explained. I turned and read of the Babe of Bethlehem, of the vision of the shepherds, and the angels' song. That was a curious audience in the silversmith's shop, and eagerly, wonderingly, they listened. This surely was enough to awaken interest in all the rest contained in the book.

Still another open door presented itself, and another company was waiting, composed of old and young and middle-aged. There was the usual variety, the evidently indifferent, the curious, the serious. Among them were four or five women who attracted me strangely. They had known sorrow, they were heavy-laden with the cares of life, they were hungering for something other than they had yet known. All this I read in their faces as plainly as if the lips had spoken. How they listened and wept as I told them of One who can give rest and peace to weary, troubled hearts! O, the heart hunger some of these faces show! Their hearts are responsive, but caste and custom rule with cruel hand in India. We know from our own dear girls and women, who are now entirely free from these, how readily the Saviour and His teachings would be accepted but for these bonds.

## The Tâj Mahal.

ON THE bank of the Jamna River, in the City of Agra, stands the most imposing mausoleum ever erected. Strangely enough, it is the tomb of a woman, Mumtez Mahâl (The Exalted of the Palace), wife of Shah Jehan, one of the Mogul emperors of India. The date over the front entrance, A. D. 1648, marks the completion of the Tâj. It was built by forced labor undoubtedly, the 20,000 workmen receiving but little in return for their toil, and yet its cost has been variously estimated from five million to thirteen million dollars.

Forgetting the oppression of the time, we pass to the building. On a low platform of red sandstone rises the plinth of pure white marble eighteen feet high, sentinelled at its corners by four graceful minarets. In the center of this platform is the Tâj itself, the apex of its dome being 243 feet from the base, which is 168 feet square, excepting that the four corners facing the minarets have been cut off, — “its angles shorn,” as one of their poets has put it. Without and within the white surface is relieved by rarest ornamentation—flowers and vines and conventional designs in mosaic, wrought in all manner of precious stones, such as carnelian and jasper, agate and turquois and lapis lazuli. The exquisite fretwork screens, cut out of marble, lend a charm almost ethereal, as though at the touch of a finger the whole vision of beauty would melt away.





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TAJ MAHAL.

WITHIN this royal monument rests not only the favorite wife, but also Shah Jehan. The real tombs are in a crypt, but the cenotaphs occupy the central octagonal chamber directly above. Both tombs and cenotaphs are exquisitely ornamented with inlaid work after the general manner of the building, but more delicately wrought. This chamber is enclosed by an octagonal fretwork screen of purest white marble, which one has compared to fine old lace turned to stone.

The most marvelous thing about this surpassingly beautiful structure is its echo. An American writer has described it thus: "It floats and soars overhead in a long, delicious undulation, fading away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent, as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching, after it has been swallowed up in the blue vault of heaven.

"Voices ærial by a word evoked,

A foot fall."

— *Sir Edwin Arnold.*

To appreciate all that this "poem in marble" may mean to the beholder, one needs to forget angles and measurements and all material things, and to see it with the heart, the soul, rather than with the eye. Once thus seen, the vision will remain, one of memory's choicest treasures.

SOME Hindu practices — most of them religious — which have been abolished by legal enactment since the British Government came into possession of India :

I. Murder of parents. (a) By suttee. (b) By exposure on the banks of rivers.  
(c) By burial alive.

II. Murder of children. (a) By dedication to the Ganges, to be devoured by crocodiles.  
(b) By Rājput infanticide.

III. Human sacrifice. (a) Temple sacrifices. (b) By wild tribes.

IV. Suicide. (a) Crushing by idol cars. (b) Devotees drowning themselves in rivers.  
(c) Devotees casting themselves from precipices. (d) Leaping into wells — widows.

V. Voluntary torment. (a) By hook-swinging. (b) By thigh-piercing. (c) By tongue-extraction. (d) By falling on knives.

VI. Involuntary torment. (a) Barbarous executions. (b) Mutilation of criminals.  
(c) Extraction of evidence by torment. (d) Bloody and injurious ordeals. (e) Cutting off the noses of women.

VII. Religious intolerance. (a) Prevention of the propagation of Christianity.  
(b) Calling upon Christian soldiers to fire salutes at heathen festivals, etc.

VIII. Support of caste by law. (a) Exclusion of low castes from office. (b) Exemption of high castes from appearing to give evidence. (c) Exclusion of Brahmin widows from legal marriage.

TO THOSE who care to read between the lines, this booklet will bear a message, and to that intent it is written.

India's past in some respects awakens our wonder and admiration. Her present is pitiable to us who have known the life and freedom of a Christian land. Poverty and vice abound. Caste is a scourge affecting all classes, a barrier to all true progress. Though much has been done for her relief, still the condition of woman is intolerable. And back of all lies the fact which explains it all, though there be gods innumerable God is not known and honored there. What shall India's future be? With Christian men and women is the answer. Since the beginning of Christian missions, a century ago, great changes have been wrought; yet the mass remains unleavened. Where there is one missionary there should be a hundred. This cablegram has recently come from the watchmen on the walls:

"India was never so ripe, so open, so critical, so needy, as now. India prays for the awakening of America to look, pray, send and come for her awakening."

Hamirpur district needs large reinforcements, and they are needed *now*. The changes which have come about in six short years give promise of greater things when we shall with adequate numbers really occupy this promising field. The ignorance of the people, the barrenness of their lives, their hopeless sufferings mutely borne, the multitudes purposeless in life and without hope in death, should appeal to every redeemed soul. We are debtors, by reason of every blessing we have received. Higher than every other motive is that of *loyalty to Christ*. His "Go ye" should outweigh every objection, every other consideration. If you cannot go yourself, will you not seek out some way of helping some one else to go? At least, give to India every day a thought, a prayer, and so make yourself a part of that great spiritual force through which the Saviour of men is seeking to save the lost.

And other sheep have I which are not of this fold : them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.— John x., 16.

The Lord hath made bare his arm in the sight of all nations ; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.—Isa. lii., 10.



O Lord of Light ! hear Thou the prayer we raise.  
The night how long !  
Send forth Thy beams, let shadows flee away.  
O Son of Righteousness, bring perfect day,  
And from now darkened hearts call forth Thy praise  
In ceaseless song.



INDIAN MONEY.







